

THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:
While Others Talk, the Journal Acts.

REGRETTABLE TENDENCIES IN TAMMANY.

If the Tammany politicians would simply go to sleep for the next eighteen days they would wake up on the morning of the 3d of November and find the Democratic ticket elected. The people want to elect that ticket, and they will do it if they are let alone. But it wears them to hear Mr. Gardiner shout, "To hell with reform!" to learn from the odorous Grady, amid the wild applause of the braves, that it is proposed to elect "that dude from Rhode Island" who is keeping the streets clean, and to be told by Amos Cummings that Richard Croker never committed a dishonorable act.

The Tammany leaders are plainly in need of some good advice. They ought to give the people a chance to forget the past. They should try to endow Grady with a little of the modesty of the violet; should keep their stock of Crokerism, with other damaged goods, on a back shelf, and should run less to public profanity and more to decency. It would do them no harm to "pander to the better element" a little. The people of New York do not really object to reform. There are certain kinds of sham reform, as represented by Chapman and Collis, which are deservedly unpopular, but that does not imply a general desire to plunge into a riot of jobbery and plunder.

New Yorkers want personal liberty, and they also want honest, economical and efficient government. They believe that a city should be governed on business principles and not on the principle of providing jobs for the largest possible number of political hangers. They believe that street cleaners should be employed to work on the streets and not to work the primaries.

The presence of Richard Croker in New York has had a progressively degrading effect on the Tammany organization. Two months ago Tammany's aspirations seemed distinctly toward better things; now the tendency is downward. Croker is an incubus. He is a bacillus—a whole nest of bacilli—spreading infection wherever he lodges. He must be eliminated from the Democratic blood if the body is to be restored to health.

The way to England is still open and the sailing is good.

THE LAST CHANCE TO REGISTER.

This is the last day of registration. Nobody who is not registered by to-night can vote. There is likely to be disappointment in store for a number of estimable citizens who have been counting on throwing the weight of their ballots for good government, and who will suddenly remember tomorrow that their names are not enrolled. To avoid a shock of that description it will be well to register early. There can be no possible harm in applying too early; it may be seriously inconvenient to apply too late.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE UNQUENCHED.

The Secretary of the Navy has found it necessary to curb the energies of our Teddy Roosevelt. It was too bad, but after consultation and pondering the head of the navy at last decided that the torpedo boats would suffer less by disappointing the curiosity of his assistant than by sending four torpedo boats to probable destruction. The ex-Police Commissioner was audaciously anxious to know whether the torpedo boats could stand rough weather in the open sea, so he ordered the flotilla to cruise off Cape Hatteras and report to him whether the boats went down or not. If Mr. Roosevelt's curiosity on the subject is really uncontrollable, perhaps Secretary Long would let him have one torpedo boat and he could make the experiment himself. The country would hate to lose him, but if it is a choice between a vacancy in the position of Assistant Secretary and the lives of four good commanders and their crews the Government will have to stand even separation from Mr. Roosevelt.

GOLD BY THE TON.

Mr. Charles W. Thebo, of Montana, a Klondiker who has recently returned to Seattle, conveys some information about the wealth of the new Eldorado which is important, if true. He says that from his own observation at least \$14,000,000 has already been washed out and is lying about Dawson in sacks. He adds that the yield for next year will not be less than 250 tons of dust.

One of the things that have chiefly stirred the imagination of the world in connection with the Arctic mining field is the airy habit of reckoning its golden output by the ton. When the dispatches announce that the steamer Portland is just down from St. Michael with three tons and a half of gold on board, the impression spreads that almost anybody could shovel up a few hundred weight. But 250 tons in one year is rather overdoing the matter. It puts gold on a level with tin—indeed, the famous mines of Temescal and Harney Peak, over which Mr. McKinley waved the American flag in his tariff bill, never produced that much metal in their whole career.

Two hundred and fifty tons of pure gold would be worth over \$150,000,000, which is more than twice as much as all the mines of California combined ever produced in any year of their history, and more than the whole world ever turned out in any year before 1893. The Dawson gold is not pure, but if it were only three-quarters fine 250 tons would still be worth more than \$112,000,000. Such an output, if it had any prospect of continuance, would certainly affect the trade and finances of the world. It would induce a general rise of prices. It would tend

toward the settlement of the silver question in one of two opposite ways. Either the gap between the values of the two metals would be lessened, thereby making it easier to restore silver to its old place in the monetary systems of the world, or the countries now on a silver basis would take advantage of the increasing ease of procuring gold to establish themselves on the gold standard, and silver would become everywhere a mere commodity.

However, before speculating extensively on these possibilities, we may as well wait to see whether the 250 tons of Klondike gold materialize. Possibly Mr. Thebo may have thrown in a few extra tons for good measure.

AIDS TO PEACE.

The demonstration to-night in honor of Miss Cisneros is likely to have a very happy effect upon our relations with Spain. There is profound ignorance, not only among the Spanish populace, but among responsible statesmen at Madrid, regarding the real feelings of the American people. Many think that Minister Woodford's demands are mere effervescences of jingo politics, which have only to be firmly dealt with to collapse. This evening's outpouring of the people of New York will teach them that now, as always from the very beginning of the revolution, the authorities at Washington and their representative in Spain lag behind American public opinion, and that what they do is the very least our national sentiment will tolerate. This knowledge will make powerfully for peace and sweet reasonableness.

Another thing that will tend in the same direction is the approaching recall of the diplomatic blackguard who has done Weyler's dirty work in Washington. One of the last acts of Minister De Lome—an act eminently characteristic of the methods that have made the Spanish Legation at Washington notorious—has been to send out an anonymous circular designed to quench American sympathy for Miss Cisneros. When Mr. De Lome sails for home to join the disgraced Weyler, taking his intrigues and the remains of his corruption fund with him, the chances of the restoration of cordial relations between Spain and the United States will be vastly increased.

JUSTICE FIELD'S RETIREMENT.

Justice Stephen J. Field has at last resigned from the Supreme Court of the United States. The court undoubtedly loses its ablest member, but it is doubtful whether the benefit the country has reaped from his abilities counterbalances the harm that has resulted from the use to which those abilities have often been put. In law he was broadly and deeply learned—so learned that he could easily make the worse appear the better cause.

Although nominally a Democrat, Justice Field has gone farther than any of his colleagues in defending the privileges of wealth. No other member of the court was so vehemently hostile to the income tax. No other has had such intimate relations with a corporation as Justice Field has had with the Southern Pacific.

A SUIT THAT MENACES THE MARKET.

Marquis Luigi Carcano is suing in Boston for thirty thousand dollars, the price agreed upon with his mamma-in-law for making Miss Merriam, of the beany city, a marquise.

Mrs. Emily Merriam drove the bargain. It was in 1877, in the midst of a bull movement in titles, that she bought at private sale. The crop of eligible nobles was scant that year, and Boston society thought the investment an excellent one. It was a credit transaction, and was, according to the papers, entered into just before the transfer of the purchase. There was delay in the payment, the American marquise meanwhile enjoying her title and the marquis's mother-in-law also drawing social dividends for the term of her natural life—for Mrs. Emily Merriam died without paying the dowry.

The Marquis did not complain of the lady's wealching during all these years, but now he has sued the administrator of his mother-in-law's estate for the full amount of the dowry.

Such a suit is particularly unfortunate at this time. The demand for titles has shown a healthy increase, and a failure to pay the purchase price is likely to discourage the naturally timid producer. This suit affects the cheaper varieties of titles particularly, the bulk of the American demand being for this class, and a rise in prices, such as is bound to result from a feeling of insecurity, will work great hardship on the bulk of the title-investing public. The better grades of the commodity—dukes, princes and other fancy brands—will not be affected materially. Such purchases are nearly all cash transactions, or are conducted through agents familiar with the financial aspects, so that the documents of indebtedness are properly drawn up. But in the ordinary purchases of titles, where the broker is dispensed with, and these make up most of the commerce, the bearing of Marquis Carcano's suit cannot but produce disastrous fluctuations. This is especially to be regretted, as foreign trade, in other lines has recently begun to recover from the uncertainties of the last election.

After a long period of experimenting the Washington correspondents have finally unearthed a Justice Field retirement rumor that didn't have to be denied the next day.

Tom Watson is to run for Governor of Georgia on a fusion ticket. For a man who did so much middle-of-the-road talking last year this is quite a change.

The "leading citizens" of Cuba who petitioned Premier Sagasta for Captain-General Weyler's retention are about

the same kind of "leading citizens" that give tone to a lynching bee.

A woman shot five times at a Cleveland lawyer without hitting him. It was fortunate for the lawyer that she didn't close her eyes and die at random.

A Tennessee man has instituted libel proceedings based on the inscription on a tombstone. It is too much to expect an epitaph to tell the truth.

Mr. Tracy's newspaper support is of the variety which made the Presidential campaign of the late Benjamin Butler conspicuous and lively.

The McKinley Administration has thrown a life preserver to the Platt machine, but it comes rather late to be effective.

The wise Ohio man will apply for his pension before the election. They will not come so easy after the close of the polls.

Any male citizen who has attained the age of twenty-one can pick out a platform and run for office.

What Others Are Saying.

Hard Lines for Tammany.

At the present time the political tide seems to be running strongly in favor of Seth Low, and it is freely predicted that if the four-cornered fight goes on to a finish a larger number of votes will be cast for Henry George than for the Tammany candidate, and in the event of the election of Low, Tammany Hall will disappear as a political organization.—New Orleans States.

Tracy as a Savior of Society.

The conclusion is, from the Journal's figures, that the Low men must turn to Tracy as the only candidate who is in the campaign with sincerity and singleness of purpose, and the only one who can unify the forces that must save New York from Tammany plunder on the one hand or the crazy notions of Henry George on the other. The figures point to no other possible course by the true-hearted and level-headed friends of the big city.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Eloquence of Money.

Betting is no argument, but it is a fact. On the New York Stock Exchange yesterday Edward B. Talcott offered \$5,000 even on the election of Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, and found no taker. Another broker made an even bet of \$400 that Low, the Mugwump, will receive more votes than Tracy, regular Republican, and offered more money on the same terms, but found the shouters for Tracy shy. It looks now as if the vote would range down from Van Wyck to Low, Tracy and George at the foot of the pool.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Van Wyck Gaining.

Newspaper polling, although very interesting, is not conclusive by any means. It takes no account of the silent vote or how the announced vote may drift and change in the varying phases of the campaign, which has three weeks to run from next Tuesday. The only certainty indicated by the polling is the collapse of Tracy's candidacy, and that the battle is among Van Wyck, Low and George, probably in the order named. Tammany has improved its chances by pruning its ticket of weak names and adding strong ones, and, it is said, will hold a large proportion of the German vote, which had been claimed for Low.—Pittsburg Post.

Tracy Not In It.

It is clear that Low leads Tracy everywhere, and that the latter is the candidate of the four with the least following. As far as the returns prove anything, they prove the need of a union of the anti-Tammany vote on Low, if a Democrat is to be defeated. We doubt if a poll anywhere undertaken will succeed in keeping this fact out of sight. It may yet be a question of doubt as to whether Van Wyck or George will lead, but it is hardly doubtful, under this vote, that either of them alone must lead Tracy. It would not be difficult to show this by intelligent reasoning, without resort to experiments of this character. The latest report from Platt is that he has declared his preference for the election of Van Wyck over that of Low.—Boston Herald.

The Town Has Changed Since Croker's Day.

Richard Croker will discover, if he has not already learned, that he made an indifferent selection when he caused Robert A. Van Wyck to be nominated for Mayor of New York. Van Wyck brings no strength of any sort to the discredited organization, not even appealing strongly to the most characteristic elements of Tammany Hall. It is pointed out that New York City has changed during the three years that Croker has been in foreign parts, but that he thinks it is the same town, waiting for him to pick up the reins of government just where he dropped them.—Syracuse Standard.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

A Forgotten Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Journal: The coming 19th of October marks the 110th anniversary of the most potent event in the history of the nation. The capitulation of Yorktown—the deathblow of the Revolution—the birth of the republic (October 19, 1781). Then it was that Washington and Lafayette (the father of his country and the godfather of this nation) together stood hand in hand in solemn benediction, mediating to the world the triumph of the American and French forces in the battle for human rights.

And yet this, the most vital event in all the annals of our history (the nation's birthday), is allowed to pass by unnoticed, while undue stress and observance is bestowed once a year on minor contests of the Revolution, at the same time serving as a perpetual reminder of the triumph of the American and French forces in the battle for human rights.

With such a glorious record on the sons and scions of France who helped us in every possible way in making us a nation of free men, it is most and just in the highest sense of the term that a grateful people should celebrate October 19 as the day of its birthday, the consummation of which it is to be hoped will be advocated and honored by the press, historic societies and eminent citizens. A duty we Americans owe to ourselves and a gladness due to France and to Lafayette, America's best friend.

Noted as obliges. JOSEPH MARIE, New York, Oct. 14, 1897.

Rescue New York from Croker.

To the Editor of the Journal: Continue to stay Croker. You promote the welfare of Greater New York and of the Democratic party by doing so in your usual thorough-going and effective way.

Your rescue of Miss Cisneros was as bold in its conception as astounding in its execution. Why not supplement that unprecedented achievement by driving Croker back to associations which he prefers to those this city affords, except about election times. As a fitting rebuke to the brazen "boss" who not only advises (through the Journal) every liberty-loving and self-respecting Democrat, whether a Van Wyck or a George man, to vote for Dayton! Two good ends will be thereby served: the services of a worthy and capable Controller will be secured to the city and Croker will learn unmistakably that we are really tired of him. DEMOCRAT, New York, Oct. 15, 1897.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Journal: You have, it appears, given your support to the Tammany Hall candidate for Mayor, Judge Van Wyck, on the theory that he is not Croker's candidate. If the Judge will now openly state that he will make appointments, if elected, without regard to Croker's recommendation or opposition, he will get the votes of many men who are at heart in sympathy with the Democratic party, but who will otherwise vote for Mr. Low. No. 112 West 25th Street. Low or George. A VOTER, Oct. 13.

Come Early and Avoid the Rush.

To the Editor of the Journal: I will wear \$20, \$100 or \$1,000, up to \$10,000, even money, that General Tracy will be elected the next Mayor of Greater New York. I can be found any evening at the Hoffman House, between 7 and 8 o'clock, or at my address below. HENRY S. PHILLIPS, New York, Oct. 12. No. 464 West Twenty-third street.

The Press of the United States
Lauds the Rescue of Miss Cisneros.

The Most Chivalrous Achievement in Journalism.

[From the Atlanta Commercial.] The most remarkable and chivalrous achievement ever accomplished in the history of journalism was the heroic liberation by the New York Journal of Evangelina Cisneros from the Spanish prison at Havana.

Charles Duval and his nerve associates, Mallory and Herndon, went on a perilous mission, and their consummate skill, together with the splendid courage of the young Cuban girl, who was brutally held, makes up a story of daring the brilliancy of which fades the wildest incidents of fiction. Duval's courage is suggestive of the daring Claude Duval, in Bulwer, while Mallory is a name that brings up thoughts of the old South.

This was a most wonderful piece of work. Grand and daring in its conception, because it involved great expense and fearful consequences. Chivalrous and unselfish in its fulfillment, because the basic inspiration was the protection of womanhood and the administration of justice—not legal justice, but that higher justice that breathes in breasts that defy the cold statute while upholding the sanctity of society and the standard of liberty.

The presence of such a man as Mr. Hearst in journalism is a glorious thing for the chivalry of the country, and he may be sure that every manly arm and mother's heart will protect Senorita Cisneros from the fate of extradition.

The Most Important Journalistic Enterprise Ever Undertaken.

[From the Bridgeport Post.] The feat of the New York Journal in rescuing Miss Evangelina Cisneros from a Cuban dungeon continues to attract attention and is productive of hearty congratulations from all quarters of the world. Probably it has been the most important journalistic enterprise ever undertaken and it shows the best side of the new journalism. America should be proud of such a newspaper.

The Power of the Press.

[From Collier's Weekly.] Journalistically speaking, if ever there were a scoop, it was the Journal's scoop of that Cuban girl from prison. There is an episode which exalts the heart. Said the first Napoleon "Use all means to conciliate, and those failing, all means to suppress." The Journal tried conciliation. A round-robin praying for the young person's release, signed by a number of prominent women and endorsed by the Pope, was forwarded to the Queen. Answer: None. There was Castilian pride. Conciliation had failed. But not newspaper enterprise. Just how it was managed one may surmise, and never know. The result, however, is public. If there was a door that would not open, there was a window that might. The Journal saw to it. Through that window it handed the girl out, down and away. What the Queen of Spain declined to do, and what the chief of her forces in Cuba swore should not be done, a New York newspaper effected. It sounds like fiction and happens to be fact. The Power of the Press, indeed! Never before has it been so exemplified.

Proud of its Work.

[From the Columbia Dispatch.] As was intimated in the Dispatch before the real facts were known, Evangelina Cisneros was liberated from her Cuban prison by men in the employ of the New York Journal. The story of her escape has been fully told by the Journal, which, for several reasons, is proud of its work. Purpose and results are always to be taken into account. Men and women are bound to applaud a chivalrous act like this, and, if they were satisfied that it was needed and was humanely inspired, they will not begrudge those who performed it any substantial benefit they may reap.

Every Brave Man Must Applaud.

[From the Louisville Dispatch.] Every brave man must applaud the daring act of the New York Journal's representative in rescuing Senorita Cisneros from a Spanish prison. The act of young Duval will go down in the history of journalism as a most remarkable achievement. For adventurous circumstances and dramatic incident it is equal to the most thrilling romances of Dumas, and with all the international complications that might make it a subject for a strong romantic drama. Of all the great scoops of the Journal, this is undoubtedly the greatest from the standpoint of the sensational journalist as well as for the humanity and chivalry of the deed.

The Sympathy of the Civilized World.

[From the Columbus Press.] The sorrow and degradation of Senorita Evangelina Cisneros, the beautiful Cuban maiden, who for sixteen months has been the inmate of a Spanish prison in Havana, has aroused the sympathy of the civilized world.

The New York Journal some weeks ago espoused her cause, and through the prayers and petitions of illustrious American women touched the heart of the Queen Regent of Spain and moved the mind of the Pope at Rome to interfere to save this Pope at Rome from the infamy that Spanish barbarism had decreed for her. But although both the Queen and the Pope recommended her to the mercy of her persecutors, no heed was given to their wishes.

Seeing that a fate to which death would have been a mercy was to be visited, this greatest of all metropolitan newspapers, at its own expense, sent secret agents to Havana, who, with heroic courage and inspired shrewdness, stole her from the prison and escaped with her to the United States.

The records of romance furnish no parallel for this dramatic incident in all the world. Weyler and Berris have been foiled in their foul purposes and must pass into ignoble history as among the basest and wickedest of mankind.

Now that this romantic and chaste girl has set her feet upon the soil once dedicated to freedom, the love of justice in the breasts of American men and women will protect her from further harm, and in every home of our land prayers will rise that her health may be restored and that her days may be long and full of peace and happiness.

The Beauty of the "Scoop."

[From the St. Louis Republic.] The beauty of the latest "scoop" of the New York Journal is that "scooped" Miss Cisneros out of her dungeon cell,

Chauncey Depew
Spoils a Party.

TUXEDO is on the warpath for the scalp of the Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew. It holds that "the Peach" has done it out of a great pleasure, and that it has given nothing to compensate for the loss.

Last night Tuxedo was to have enjoyed a novel vaudeville entertainment, in which the chappies and chappissettes were to have been the performers.

Dr. Holbrook Curtis, who sprays throats and plays golf with equal facility and success, was to have come up from Southampton with his famous puppet show.

You never saw Holbrook Curtis's puppet show? Well, you've missed it. So has Tuxedo. And there's where the kick comes in.

Curtis's theatrical equipment consisted of holes cut in a shelf, on which were the miniature headless figures of a male and a female. Not much in itself, but when well-known people poked their faces through the holes and made misfits of the little figures the fun became so uproarious that society could scarcely contain itself.

It is said that Southampton, where the great Curtis show was exhibited this Summer, is still sick from laughter. A hint. Nor was this all that Tuxedo expected. Mrs. Russell Hoadley, Jr., was to have been there with her whirl.

I have never had the pleasure of listening to the product of Mrs. Hoadley's pucker, but I am told by more fortunate people that it is simply ecstatic.

No bird that ever trilled upon a tree could approximate the silvery music of Mrs. Hoadley's whistle. Eddie Coward was to have appeared in a little one-act play, and a score of pretty women of the Tuxedo set were to have masqueraded as barnmaids during the performance.

Of course Tuxedo was in a fever of excitement. It was anxious to see these wonders. Therefore it's disappointment was boundless when it was informed that the greatest of all modern shows had been indefinitely postponed. It was grief, deep grief to the verge of tears.

But where does Chauncey come in? you ask. Right here. Harry McVickar had the show in charge. He was the manager. Everybody was looking to him to do things.

When they returned the show had been postponed and Tuxedo was in revolt. Harry McVickar excused himself by saying that he didn't know that he was the whole show, but there is an impression that Dr. Depew will have to make a more satisfactory explanation of his part in the disaster, or take the consequences.

It is probable, however, that Dr. Depew may escape if he will only keep away from Tuxedo until after the 29th inst.

On that date the Tuxedolites are to have a grand ball, and when Tuxedo gets a-dancing it forgets everything else, even Mrs. Hoadley's whistle.

Another thing to dull the keen edge of its grief was the expedition of Granville Kane, Walker Brevett Smith, Dr. Rushmore and a number of its golf cranks to West Point yesterday to down the officers of the Military Academy on the links.

Two interesting engagements have just been announced. Miss Pauline Dresser is to marry the Rev. G. G. Merrill, rector of St. Mary's Church at Tuxedo.

Miss Dresser is a daughter of the late Colonel George W. Dresser, U. S. A., a niece of Mrs. Edward R. King and a sister of Miss Nathalie Dresser, who was married to Mr. John Nicholas Brown in Newport last month.

Mr. Merrill is a young minister of the Dr. Willie Rainford type, liberal, progressive and athletic. He is a Princeton man, and was for a time the assistant rector of the American Church in Paris.

The other engagement is that of Miss Florence Baker to Mr. William Goodby Loew. Miss Baker is the daughter of Mr. George H. Baker, president of the National Bank, and is better known to her intimates as "Queenie" Baker.

Her engagement to Mr. Loew was to have been announced last Spring, but the unfortunate death of Mr. James P. Kernochan, in which Miss Baker was accidentally concerned, caused the postponement.

Although William C. Whitney has never been accused of playing Prince Prodigal, there are some people around the Hotel New Netherlands that will welcome him when he returns from his European trip.

Just before leaving the hotel for the steamer Mr. Whitney entered the little room off the lobby, near the Plaza side, where the guests of the hotel may get typewriting done or telephone a message. Two young women attracted of the place were there waiting for customers. Mr. Whitney said: "Girls, I'm in a hurry—have to catch the ship right away. Divide that between you."

"That" was a brand new \$20 bill, and Mr. Whitney slapped it down on the telephone shelf and escaped.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of the young women. "Isn't he a nice man?" "Just splendid," remarked the other, who is a stenographer and typewriter. "Not long ago he sent for me to come up to his room and take a little dictation. The work didn't amount to much—about \$2, I guess—but he gave me \$25!"

"Too bad he's going away," sighed the other.

Here is a new story that a London publication has saddled on the Bradley Martins:

An American was occupying a couple of rooms on the first floor of a high-class hotel in Paris when Mrs. Bradley Martin arrived at the hotel.

She was rather annoyed at finding she couldn't have the whole of the first floor, as she invariably did, so she wrote a polite note to the gentleman asking if he would mind moving up one floor, as she particularly wanted his present rooms for her niece and grandsons.

The gentleman thereupon sat down and presented his compliments to Mrs. B. Martin, and begged that she would inform him "if her niece was an heiress!"

The lady was furious, and wrote him an indignant answer, but his reply left nothing further to be said on either side.

"The gentleman did not wish to insultate that the niece was an heiress; indeed, he was delighted to hear that she was not, as in that case she was much more competent to go up two flights of stairs than he was."

Of course, no such thing ever happened; but it pleases the blooming Bradley public to make believe that it did. HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.